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## The Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected musical and valuable farm and household departments. Next to the many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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## Local Matters

### BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The board of aldermen had a long and busy session on Thursday evening, opening many bids for various supplies, and transacting much other business incident to the early part of the year. Following a conference in executive session, a telegram was sent to Washington, asking Senator Gerry to use his influence to retain the Seventh Artillery Band at Fort Adams instead of being transferred to Florida in accordance with the present orders.

A protest was received against the erection of a garage on the old stable property at Spring and Touro streets. Attorney William R. Harvey appeared in the interests of William A. Sherman and other owners of property in the vicinity. He said that it would be a detriment to their property and to the proposed new Court House which is to be erected near by. Mr. Edward A. Hassard, one of the owners of the property, said that the garage would be no detriment, but would be an improvement. The work is no different from what is being done in the centers of other cities. In response to a question, he said that the owners would be willing to throw in the necessary land to widen the sidewalk. After some discussion, the matter was laid on the table for another week.

A representative of the Simpson Brothers Company, pavement layers, appeared before the board in regard to specifications for the pavement on Broadway and Bellevue avenue. He wanted the Company's specifications adopted for the bidders, and stated that it would in no way interfere with competitive bidding. The New port Water Works announced that the order had been placed for the pipe for Bellevue avenue, that it was expected to arrive in February, and that the Company would be ready to begin work immediately thereafter. The board granted the petition of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company for a conduit under Thames street at the foot of Mary street.

A large number of bids for various supplies were received and were referred to the city clerk for tabulation. They will then be considered by a committee who will report their recommendations to the board at its next meeting.

The contract for a sanitary cart for the highway department was awarded to the B. F. MacDonald Co. for \$175.

The mild weather of Thursday again made possible a practice march of the brigade from the Training Station through the streets of Newport. The number was a little smaller than on their last appearance because of the details that have been sent to sea and a still larger number that are now on furlough.

Abe Toback of this city is at the Newport Hospital, suffering from painful injuries as the result of an automobile accident while on the road to Fall River. For some unknown reason his auto turned over and the occupants were all thrown out. The police ambulance brought the injured man back to Newport.

### FORT BAND LEAVING

Fort Adams will soon look more like a deserted village than ever. A detail of Coast Artillerymen and the famous Seventh Artillery Band have been detached from the Fort and ordered to the South, so that there will be but a very few men on duty here. The loss of the Band is a matter of great regret to the citizens of Newport as well as to the Army representatives here. There is a disposition in some quarters to blame the removal of the Band upon the Municipal Band, which is manifestly unfair. If this district was of sufficient importance numerically, the band would undoubtedly be retained here, regardless of local conditions.

The attempt to blame the Municipal band for the loss of the Army band rests upon the insistence of the local organization that the City appropriation for band concerts should be paid to a Newport institution. After the Park Commission had voted to engage the Fort band for one-half the number of concerts, a protest was made at Washington against allowing a Government band to come into competition with a civilian band. In accordance with Government regulations this protest was sufficient to prevent the Fort band taking any of the work. Nor can anyone blame the Municipal band for insisting upon city support. The income from the City appropriation constitutes practically all the receipts of the Municipal band, as there is now very little demand for outside services, and the organization could hardly be kept together without this income.

On the other hand, the Municipal band has not played dog-in-the-manger and kept the Fort band out of all local engagements. In 1920, the writer had occasion to engage a band to accompany an organization for a parade in Providence. He went to the manager of the Municipal band and told him that for that occasion he proposed to engage the Fort band, and the local manager interposed no objection whatever. The writer then got into communication with the then Adjutant at the Fort who was in charge of the band. He immediately raised objections—did not think the band could go, did not think they would be allowed to parade if they went to Providence. After considerable argument the Adjutant sent over a long printed blank form to be filled out before the band's services could be engaged. Among other things this required the written consent of the Mayor of the City of Providence, of the Postmaster of the City of Providence, and of the head of the Musicians' Union of the City of Providence. Somewhat daunted by this formidable document, which was some degrees worse than an income tax return, the writer gave up the project and engaged the Municipal band, which gave complete satisfaction throughout the day. But, it must be remembered that the local band interposed no objection to the engagement of the Fort band, but all the discouragement came from the official representative of the Government band.

MRS. NATHANIEL S. LITTLEFIELD

With a good concrete pavement properly laid on Broadway, the surface should be good for a great many years. Broadway is a wide street with plenty of room for traffic, unlike Thames street, where the traffic all moves in narrow lanes. With the passing of the metal rimmed tire for heavy vehicles the greatest cause of destruction to paving is the use of skid chains during the snowy weather, but on Broadway this traffic would naturally follow the car tracks which are the first to be cleared after a snow storm, and where the pavement is to be granite block anyway.

There is no reason why re-inforced concrete should not be entirely satisfactory, but for the mercy of the taxpayers, have an adequate foundation before putting it on.

William E. Johnson, the well known Prohibition advocate, will be in Newport on Thursday, February 14, and will deliver an address at the United Congregational Church. "Pussyfoot" Johnson, as he is well known all over the world, is one of the most successful workers in the cause. He lost an eye in England some years ago as the result of an attack by some men opposed to his policies, but this has not deterred him from the work. His health is far from rugged, however.

Mrs. Littlefield is survived by her husband and one son, Mr. Edwin G. Littlefield.

Counsel for Rev. Thomas R. Bridges have filed in the Superior Court an appeal from the decision awarding a divorce and alimony to Mrs. Bridges in her recent action. The appeal is taken on the ground of lack of jurisdiction and also on the matter of alimony.

### THE BROADWAY PAVEMENT

The board of aldermen is giving much study to the matter of specifications for the new pavement on Broadway, in order to have everything in readiness as soon as the weather is open for work in the spring. It is understood that the specifications as at present prepared call for a thick pavement of re-inforced concrete laid directly on the mud and running water of the roadway. To an engineer, this may seem like good practice, but to the layman it looks as if the vast sum of money might as well be dumped into the harbor for all the good that it will do as a permanent pavement.

Broadway has never had a foundation laid in all the years that patching and temporary road building has been going on. The under surface is in most places an absorbent clay that soaks up the water like a sponge and holds it for long time. In a number of places the underground conditions are worse than in others. At the Mile Corner is a bad place, where the surface water comes in from the rise on the Middletown side. In the valley at Gibbs avenue and vicinity there is another very bad place where water stands at all times. One of the very worst places is in the neighborhood of Newport avenue, where there is a stream of running water under the surface, which of course is especially strong in the spring of the year.

The condition of the granolithic sidewalk on the west side of Broadway from Newport avenue south to Gould street shows what the underground water can accomplish in the way of destruction. Within a year after those sidewalks had been laid they were practically destroyed by the action of the frost due to lack of proper foundation. In some cases, the city tore up the original sidewalks, carried the foundation down for another inch or two, and then laid more concrete, with exactly the same results as in the first instance.

There has been much discussion as to the relative merits of granite blocks and re-inforced concrete for the top surface of the Broadway pavement. To the layman, it would seem to make comparatively little difference as to which is used for the surface, provided that the foundation is properly laid, but without a good foundation either surface would be utterly ruined within a few years. The advocates of granite blocks point to Thames street in support of their argument. But it must be remembered that in Thames street there has been built a splendid foundation for the blocks, which has borne the heavy traffic for years.

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Thursday was guest day at the Lions Club, when each member had one or more guests present, making a very large attendance. Rev. Roy W. Magoun was the principal speaker and gave a very entertaining address on the advantages of Newport as a place of residence and of business. Plans are still being developed for raising funds for the benefit of the Henderson Home for Aged Men.

### SEVERE COLD WEATHER

Last Sunday was the coldest day of the season, some thermometers in the outskirts registering a temperature below zero, but in the heart of the city it was generally a little above that mark. A high wind prevailed all Saturday night, which made the cold even more penetrating. Monday morning the temperature was still very low, and by that time the results of the cold spell had become visible in frozen water pipes and frozen automobiles. In spite of the severe weather, there was little demand for the services of the firemen. The schools were able to keep fairly comfortable Monday morning, with one exception. In one school a boiler which had been in use for more than a quarter-century, failed to produce heat enough to warm the building and the pupils had to be dismissed.

Since the cold spell, some abnormally warm weather has been experienced, with soft ground everywhere. Today is Candlemas Day, and if one believes the old adage, he can learn today what the weather will be for the remainder of the winter. In spite of one or two frigid periods, it has been delightful thus far, and most people hope that it will continue.

### ST. PAUL'S LODGE

At the annual communication of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., held late last week, the following officers were elected or appointed, and installed:

Worshipful Master—William A. Perkins.

Senior Warden—George F. Ward.

Junior Warden—William A. Peckham.

Treasurer—George B. Austin.

Secretary—Thatcher T. Bowler.

Chaplain—Rev. Stanley C. Hughes.

Senior Deacon—Alister I. MacIver.

Junior Deacon—W. Ladd Moody.

Senior Steward—W. Augustin C. Titus.

Junior Steward—Fred P. Webber.

Musical Director—T. Fred Harry.

Marshal—Robert C. Ebbs.

Sentinel—John Thompson.

Tyler—James G. Swinburne.

Finance Committee—Edward A.

Sherman, John P. Peckham.

Relief Committee—Orin M. Alger,

Arthur J. Ober.

The retiring Worshipful Master, Alvah H. Sanborn, was presented by Worshipful Master Perkins with a past master's jewel.

### CAUTURED IN BASEMENT

Officer Downing made a clever capture of three men, who are charged with breaking into the basement of Otto Voigt's establishment on lower Thames street early Sunday morning. The policeman had noticed some suspicious actions as he passed along his beat, and quickly returned unobserved to see what was going on. He saw a light in the basement and called the Police Station for assistance. The patrol wagon was sent down and the three men were taken into custody.

When arraigned before Judge Levy on charges of breaking and entering with intent to commit larceny, they pleaded not guilty and bail was fixed at \$500. One of the trio was also charged with assault on an officer, and in his case the bail was an additional \$300.

There was an alarm from box 16 Sunday afternoon, calling the fire department to the three family house at 16 Cherry street, where a lively blaze was in progress. The fire was caused by driving a heating stove to such an extent that the smoke pipe, passing through several partitions, became overheated and set fire to the woodwork. Considerable chopping was necessary to get at the flames, but the occupants were able to remain in the building after the firemen had finished their work.

Kolah Kronikle, the official publication of Kolah Grotto, has in its February issue a very interesting letter from Richard K. Slocum, formerly of this city, describing in detail his long trip across the continent to Newport to Los Angeles by automobile.

Plans are on foot for organizing a company of the National Guard in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Smith are spending a few weeks in Florida.

### MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

#### Fourth Quarterly Conference

The District Superintendent, Rev. Ira W. LeBaron, presided at the fourth quarterly conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The following officers were elected:

Trustees—Charles Peckham, Min-

ard F. Smith, Arthur W. Chase, Will-

iam J. Peckham, Edward E. Peck-

ham, Alden P. Barker, William L.

Brown, Fred P. Webber and Ashton

C. Barker.

Stewards—Alden Barker, W. L.

Brown, Nathan Brown, Miss Hattie

S. Brown, Chester Brown, Mrs.

Abram A. Brown, Miss Elizabeth

E. Smith, Arthur W. Chase, Mrs. A. H.

Ward, George H. Irish, Mrs. George

H. Irish, Edward E. Peckham, Mrs.

Edward E. Peckham, Miss Sarah L.

Peckham, Miss Sadie E. Peckham,

Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham, Fred P.

Webber, Mrs. Isaac Penbody, John

H. Peckham, John Nicholson, W. J.

Peckham, Charles D. Martin, Charles

Peckham, Robert M. Pike, Jr., Frank

P. Peckham, Mrs. Harold V. Peck-

ham, George Brown.

Recording Steward—William L.

Brown.

Communion Steward—Miss Ellen

E. Smith.

District Steward—W. J. Peckham.

Alternate—W. L. Brown.

Treasurer of Finance—William L.

Brown.

Treasurer of Benevolences—Fred

P. Webber.

Committee on Church Records—

Fred P. Webber and W. J. Peckham.

Auditors—John Nicholson, Stephen

W. Peckham.

Parsonage and Furniture—Officers

of the Ladies' Aid Society, W. J.

Peckham, Edward E. Peckham.

Estimating Pastor's Salary—Fred

# THE EVIL SHEPHERD

by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrations by  
Irwin Myers



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## SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Ledsam defends Oliver Hilditch, powerful business man, in a murder case and succeeds in getting him off, only to be told by a young, irresponsible woman, who says that she is Oliver Hilditch's wife, that Ledsam is an arch-criminal and that Ledsam has turned loose a dangerous man to prey upon society.

CHAPTER II—Ledsam, dining with his best friend, Andrew Wilmore, meets Hilditch and his wife and is invited to dine with them at their home.

CHAPTER III—At dinner with the Hildiches, Oliver shows Ledsam how he killed his victim and says his own death the same way would make his wife supremely happy. Returning home, Ledsam receives a phone call from Margaret, saying Oliver has been murdered.

## CHAPTER IV

For a few months Ledsam disappeared from his usual haunts, his cloak, acting under his instructions, turning down four fine cases offered him. At last he returned with Wilmore and, at dinner the first night of their return, Andrew plunged boldly into the forbidden subject.

They had consumed an excellent dinner. An empty champagne bottle had just been removed, double liqueur brandies had taken its place. Francis, with an air of complete and even exuberant humanity, had lit a huge cigar. The moment seemed propitious.

"Francis," his friend began, "they say at the club that you refused to be briefed in the Chippenden affair."

"Quite true," was the calm reply. "I told Griggs that I wouldn't have anything to do with it."

Wilmore knew then that all was well. Francis' old air of strength and decision had returned. His voice was firm, his eyes were clear and bright. His manner seemed even to invite questioning.

"I think I know why," Wilmore said, as he received his husband back again, knowing what he was and what he was capable of, is inexplicable to me. The woman herself is a mystery. I do not know what lies behind her extraordinary immobility. Feeling she must have, and courage, or she would never have dared to have riddled herself or the scourge of her life. But beyond that my judgment tells me nothing. I only know that sooner or later I shall seek her out. I shall discover all that I want to know, one way or the other. It may be for impudence—it may be the end of the things that count."

"I guessed this," Wilmore admitted, with a little shiver which he was wholly unable to repress.

Francis nodded.

"They keep it to yourself, my dear fellow," he begged, "like everything else I am telling you tonight. I have come out of my experience changed in many ways," he continued, "but, leaving out that one secret chapter, this is the dominant factor which looms up before me. I bring into life a new avocation, almost a passion, Andrew, born in a tea-shop in the city, and ministered to by all that has happened since. I have lost that sort of indifference which my profession engenders toward crime. I am at war with the criminal, sometimes, I hope, in the courts of justice, but forever out of them. I am no longer indifferent as to whether men do good or evil so long as they do not cross my path. I am a hunter of sin. I am out to destroy. There's a touch of melodrama in this for you, Andrew," he concluded, with a little laugh, "but, my God, I'm in earnest!"

"What does this mean so far as regards the routine of your daily life?" Wilmore asked curiously.

"Well, it brings us to the point we discussed down at Brancaster," Francis replied, with icy politeness. "To return to your own table, stealthily or not, as you choose?"

The newcomer showed no signs of moving.

"In after years," he declared, "you would be the first to regret the fact if I did so. This is a momentous meeting. It gives me an opportunity of expressing my deep gratitude to you, Mr. Ledsam, for the wonderful evidence you tendered at the Inquest upon the body of my son-in-law, Oliver Hilditch."

Francis turned in his place and looked steadily at this unsought-for companion, learning nothing, however, from the half-mocking smile and imperceptible expression.

"Your son-in-law?" he repeated. "Do you mean to say that you are the father of—of Oliver Hilditch's wife?"

"Widow," the other corrected gently. "I have that honor. You will understand, therefore, that I feel myself on this, the first opportunity, compelled to tender my sincere thanks for evidence so chivalrously offered, so flawlessly truthful."

"Action, yes, but how?" Wilmore queried. "You can't always hang about the courts, waiting for the chance of defending some poor devil who's been wrongfully accused—there aren't enough of them, for one thing. On the other hand, you can't walk down Begent street, brandishing a two-edged sword and hunting for pickpockets."

Francis smiled.

"Nothing so flambouyant. I can as-

and unreasoning resentment against this man whose words were biting into his conscience. Nevertheless, he kept his tone level.

"I do not desire your gratitude," he said, "nor, if you will permit me to say so, your further acquaintance."

The stranger shook his head regretfully.

"You are wrong," he protested. "We were bound, in any case, to know one another. Shall I tell you why? You have just declared yourself anxious to set your heel upon the criminals of the world. I have the distinction of being perhaps the most famous patron of that maligned class now living—and my neck is at your service."

"You appear to me," Francis said evenly, "to be a buffoon."

It might have been fancy, but Francis could have sworn that he saw the glitter of a sovereign malice in the other's dark eyes. It so, it was but a passing weakness, for a moment later the half good-natured, half-cynical smile was back again upon the man's lips.

"If so, I am at least a buffoon of parts," was the prompt rejoinder. "I will, if you choose, prove myself."

There was a moment's silence. Wilmore was leaning forward in his place, studying the newcomer earnestly. An impatient, impulsive, was somehow stamped on Francis' lips.

"Within a few yards of this place, some time before the closing hour tonight," the intruder continued, earnestly, yet with a curious absence of any human quality in his hard tone, "there will be a disturbance, and probably what you would call a crime will be committed. Will you use your vaunted gifts to hunt down the desperate criminal and, in your own picturesque phraseology, set your heel upon his neck? Success may bring you fame and the trail may lead—well, who knows where?"

Afterwards, both Francis and Andrew Wilmore marveled at themselves, unable at any time to find any reasonable explanation of their conduct, for they answered this man neither with ridicule, rudeness nor evill. They simply stared at him, impressed with the convincing arrogance of his challenge and unable to find words of reply. They received his mocking farewell without any form of recollection or sign of resentment. They watched him leave the room, a dignified, distinguished figure, sped on his way with marks of the deepest respect by waiters, maîtres d'hotel, and even the manager himself. They behaved, indeed, as they both admitted afterwards, like a couple of monosyllabic idiots. When he had finally disappeared, however, they looked at one another and the spell was broken.

"Well, I'm d—d!" Francis exclaimed. "Soto, come here at once."

The manager hastened smilingly to their table.

"Soto," Francis invoked, "tell us quickly—tell us the name of the gentleman who has just gone out, and who he is!"

Soto was amazed.

"You don't know Sir Timothy Brast, sir?" he exclaimed. "Why, he is supposed to be one of the richest men in the world! He spends money like water. They say that when he is in England his place down the river alone costs a thousand pounds a week. When he gives a party here, we can find nothing good enough. He is our most generous client."

"Sir Timothy Brast," Wilmore repeated. "Yes, I have heard of him."

"Why, everybody knows, Sir Timothy," Soto went on eloquently. "He is the greatest living patron of boxing. He found the money for the last international fight."

"Does he often come in alone like this?" Francis asked curiously.

"Either alone," Soto replied, "or with a very large party. He entertains magnificently."

"I've seen his name in the paper in connection with something or other, during the last few weeks," Wilmore remarked reflectively.

"Probably about two months ago, sir," Soto suggested. "He gave a donation of ten thousand pounds to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and they made him a vice-president. . . . In one moment, sir."

The manager hurried away to receive a newly arrived guest. Francis and his friend exchanged a wondering glance.

"Father of Oliver Hilditch's wife," Wilmore observed, "the most munificent patron of boxing in the world, vice-president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and self-confessed archeriminal! He fooled us pretty well!"

"I suppose so," Francis assented absently.

Wilmore glanced at his watch.

"What about moving on somewhere?" he suggested. "We might go into the Alhambra for half an hour, if you like. The last act of the show is the best."

Francis shook his head.

"We've got to see this thing out," he replied. "Have you forgotten that our friend promised us a sensation before we left?"

Wilmore began to laugh a little derisively. Then, suddenly aware of some lack of sympathy between himself and his friend, he broke off and glanced curiously at the latter.

"You're not taking him seriously, are you?" he inquired.

Francis nodded.

"Certainly I am," he confessed.

## CHAPTER V

It happened that the two men, waiting in the vestibule for Francis' car to crawl up to the entrance through the fog which had unexpectedly rolled up, heard the slight altercation which was afterward referred to as preceding the tragedy. The two young people concerned were standing only a few feet

away, the girl pretty, a little peevish, an ordinary type; her companion, whose boyish features were marred with dissipation, a very possible example of the young man about town going a little beyond his tether.

"It's no good standing here, Victor!" the girl exclaimed, frowning. "The constabulary's been gone ages already, and there are two others before us for trials."

"We can't walk," her escort replied gloomily. "It's a foul night. Nothing to do but wait, what? Let's go back and have another drink."

The girl stamped her satin-shod foot impatiently.

"Don't be silly," she expostulated. "You know I promised Clara we'd be there early."

"All very well," the young man grumbled, "but what can we do? We shall have to wait our turn."

"Why can't you slip out and look for a taxi yourself?" she suggested. "Do, Victor," she added, squeezing his arm. "You're so clever at picking them up."

He made a little grimace, but lit a cigarette and turned up his coat collar.

"I'll do my best," he promised. "Don't go on without me."

"Try up toward Charing Cross road, not the other way," she advised earnestly.

"Right-oh!" he replied, which illuminative form of assent, a word spoken as he plunged unwillingly into

room, mixed whisky-and-soda from the decanter and siphon which stood upon the sideboard, and motioned his friend to an easy-chair. Then he gave form to the thought which had been haunting them both.

"What about our friend, Sir Timothy Brast?" he inquired. "Do you believe now that he was mystifying us?"

Wilmore dabbed his forehead with his handkerchief. It was a chilly evening, but there were drops of perspiration still standing there.

"Francis," he confessed, "it's horrible! I don't think realism like this attracts me. It's horrible! What are we going to do?"

"Nothing for the present" was the brief reply. "If we were to tell our story, we should only be laughed at. What there is to be done falls to my lot."

"Had the police anything to say about it?" Wilmore asked.

"Only a few words," Francis replied. "Shopland has it in hand. A good man but unflinchingly. I've come across him in one or two cases lately. You'll find a little bit like this in the papers tomorrow: 'The murder is believed to have been committed by one of the gang of desperadoes who have infested the west-end during the last few months.' You remember the assault at Albany court-yard, and the sandbagging in Shepherd's market only last week?"

"That seems to let Sir Timothy out," Wilmore remarked.

"There are many motives for crime besides robbery," Francis declared. "Don't be afraid, Andrew, that I am going to turn amateur detective and make the unravelment of this case all the more difficult for Scotland Yard. If I interfere, it will be on a certainty. Andrew, don't think I'm mad, but I've taken up the challenge of our great philanthropist living at me tonight. I've very little interest in who killed this boy, Victor Biddle, or why, but I'm convinced of one thing—Blast knew about it, and if he is posing as a patron of crime on a great scale, sooner or later I shall get him. He may think himself safe, and he may have the courage of Beelzebub—he seems rather that type—but if my presentiment about him comes true, his number's up. I can almost divine the meaning of his breaking in upon our conversation tonight. He needs an enemy—he is thirsting for danger. He has found it!"

Wilmore lit his pipe thoughtfully. At the first whiff of tobacco he began to feel more normal.

"After all, Francis," he said, "aren't we a little overstrung tonight? Sir Timothy Brast is no adventurer. He is a prince in the city, a person grata wherever he chooses to go. He isn't a hanger-on in society. He isn't even dependent upon Bohemia for his entertainment. You can't seriously imagine that man with his possessions is likely to risk his life and liberty in becoming the inspiration of a band of cut-throats?"

Francis smiled. He, too, had lit his pipe and thrown himself into his favorite chair. He smiled confidently across at his friend.

"A millionaire with brains," he argued, "is just the one person in the world likely to weary of all ordinary forms of diversion. I begin to remember things about him already. Haven't you heard about his wonderful parties down at the Walled House?"

Wilmore struck the lally by his side with his clenched fist.

"And that one person, sir?"

"Miss Daisy Hyslop."

"The young lady whom I have already seen?"

"She is," he assented. "At the same time, Mr. Shopland, we must remember this. If Miss Hyslop has any knowledge of the facts which are behind Mr. Biddle's murder, it is more likely to be to her interest to keep them to herself, than to give them away to the police free gratis and for nothing. Do you follow me?"

"Precisely, sir."

"But, all the same, I don't think it was."

"Neither do I, sir."

Francis smiled slightly.

"Shopland," he said, "if there is no further external evidence to be collected, I suggest that there is only one person likely to prove of assistance."

"And that one person, sir?"

"Miss Daisy Hyslop."

"The young lady whom I have already seen?"

Francis nodded.

"The young lady whom you have already seen," he assented. "At the same time, Mr. Shopland, we must remember this. If Miss Hyslop has any knowledge of the facts which are behind Mr. Biddle's murder, it is more likely to be to her interest to keep them to herself, than to give them away to the police free gratis and for nothing. Do you follow me?"

"I follow you, sir."

"That's good," Francis continued, "I am going to make a proposition to you for what it is worth. Where were you going when I met you this morning, Shopland?"

"To call upon you in Clarges street, sir."

"What for?"

"I was going to ask you if you would be so kind as to call upon Miss Daisy Hyslop, sir."

Francis smiled.

"Great minds," he murmured. "I will see the young lady this afternoon, Shopland."

The detective raised his hat. They had reached the spot where his companion turned off by the Horse Guards Parade.

"I may hope to hear from you, then, sir?"

"Within the course of a day or two, perhaps earlier," Francis promised.

"I have not heard him go."

Francis nodded thoughtfully.

"I wonder," he said, "whether it ever occurred to you to interview Miss Daisy Hyslop, the young lady who was with Biddle on the night of his murder?"

"I called upon her the day afterward," he detective answered.

"She had nothing to say."

"Nothing whatever."

"Indirectly

## THE EVIL SHEPHERD

(Continued from Page 3)

happened—he came in to see me, looking like nothing on earth. He cried like a baby, behaved like a lunatic, and called himself all manner of names. He had had a great deal too much to drink, and I gathered that he had seen something horrible. It was then he asked me to dine with him the next night, and told me that he was going to break altogether with his new friends. Something in connection with them seemed to have given him a terrible fright."

Francis nodded. He had the tact to abandon his curiosity at this pre-  
cise point.

"The old story," he declared, "bad company and rotten habits. I suppose some one got to know that the young man usually carried a great deal of money about with him."

"It was so foolish of him," she asserted eagerly. "I warned him about it so often. The police won't listen to it but I am absolutely certain that he was robbed. I noticed when he paid the bill that he had a great wind of bank-notes which were never discovered afterward."

And with that information Francis had to be satisfied when he took his leave.

## CHAPTER VII

It was after leaving Miss Daisy Hyslop's flat that the event to which Francis Ledsam had been looking forward more than anything else in the world, happened. It came about entirely by chance. There were no taxis in the Strand. Francis himself had finished work for the day, and feeling disinclined for his usual rubber of bridge, he strolled homewards along the Mall. At the corner of Green park he came face to face with the woman who for the last few months had scarcely been out of his thoughts. Even in that first moment he realized to his pain that she would have avoided him if she could. They met, however, where the path narrowed, and he left her no chance to avoid him. That curious impulse of conventionality which opens a conversation always with cut and dried banalities, saved them perhaps from a certain amount of embarrassment. Without any conscious suggestion, they found themselves walking side by side.

"I have been wanting to see you very much indeed," he said. "I even went so far as to wonder whether I dared call."

"Why should you?" she asked. "Our acquaintance began and ended in tragedy. There is scarcely any purpose in continuing it further."

He looked at her for a moment before replying. She was wearing black, but scarcely the black of a woman who grieves. She was still slightly beautiful, redolent, in all the details of her toilette, of that almost negative perfection which he had learned to expect from her. She suggested to him still that same sense of aloofness from the actualities of life.

"I prefer not to believe that it is ended," he protested. "Have you so many friends that you have no room for one who has never consciously done you any harm?"

She looked at him with some faint curiosity in her immobile features.

"Harm? No! On the contrary, I suppose I ought to thank you for your evidence at the inquest."

"Some part of it was the truth," he replied.

"I suppose so," she admitted dryly. "You told it very cleverly."

He looked her in the eyes.

"My profession helped me to be a good witness," he said. "As for the gist of my evidence, that was between my conscience and myself."

"Your conscience?" she repeated. "Are there really men who possess such things?"

"I hope you will discover that for yourself some day," he answered. "Tell me your plans. Where are you living?"

"For the present with my father in Curzon street."

"With Sir Timothy Brast?"

She assented.

"You know him?" she asked indifferently.

"Very slightly," Francis replied. "We talked together, some nights ago, at Soto's restaurant. I am afraid that I did not make a very favorable impression upon him. I gathered, too, that he has somewhat eccentric tastes."

"I do not see a great deal of my father," she said. "We met, a few months ago, for the first time since my marriage, and things have been a little difficult between us—just at first. He really scarcely ever puts in an appearance at Curzon street. I dare say you have heard that he makes a hobby of an amazing country house which he has down the river."

"The Walled House?" he ventured. She nodded.

"I see you have heard of it. All London, they tell me, goes-sips about the entertainments there."

"Are they really so wonderful?" he asked.

"I have never been to one," she replied. "As a matter of fact, I have spent scarcely any time in England since my marriage. My husband was fond of traveling."

Notwithstanding the warm spring

air he was conscious of a certain chilliness. Her level, indifferent tone seemed to him almost abnormally callous. A horrible realization dashed for a moment in his brain. She was speaking of the man whom she had killed!

"Your father overheard a remark of mine," Francis told her. "I was at Soto's with a friend—Andrew Wilmore, the novelist—and to tell you the truth we were speaking of the shock I experienced when I realized that I had been devoting every effort of which I was capable to saving the life of—shall we say a criminal? Your father heard me say, in rather a flamboyant manner, perhaps, that in future I declared war against all crime and all criminals."

She smiled very faintly, a smile which had in it no single element of joy or humor.

"I can quite understand my father intervening," she said. "He poses as being rather a patron of artistically-perpetrated crime. Such is his favorite author, and I believe that he has exceedingly grim ideas as to dueling and fighting generally. He was in prison once for six months at New Orleans for killing a man who insulted my mother. Nothing in the world would ever have convinced him that he had not done a perfectly legitimate thing."

"I am expecting to find him quite an interesting study, when I know him better," Francis pronounced. "My only fear is that he will count me an unfriendly person and refuse to have anything to do with me."

"I am not at all sure," she said indifferently, "that it would not be very much better for you if he did."

"I cannot admit that," he answered, smiling. "I think that our paths in life are too far apart for either of us to influence the other. You don't share his tastes, do you?"

"Which ones?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"Well, boxing for one," he replied. "They tell me that he is the greatest living patron of the ring, both here and in America."

"I have never been to a fight in my life," she confessed. "I hope that I never may."

"I can't go so far as that," he declared, "but boxing isn't altogether one of my hobbies. Can't we leave your father and his tastes alone for the present? I would rather talk about ourselves. Tell me what you care about most in life!"

"Nothing," she answered listlessly.

"But that is only a phase," he persisted. "You have had terrible trials, I know, and they must have affected your outlook on life, but you are still young, and while one is young life is always worth living."

"I thought so once," she assented. "I don't now."

"But, then, must be—there will be compensations," he assured her. "I know that just now you are suffering from the reaction—after all you have gone through. The memory of that will pass."

"The memory of what I have gone through will never pass," she answered.

There was a moment's intense silence, a silence pregnant with reminiscent drama.

"Please look at me," he begged, a little abruptly.

She turned her head in some surprise. Francis was almost handsome in the clear spring sunlight, his face alight with animation, his deep-set gray eyes full of amused yet anxious solicitude. Even as she appreciated these things and became dimly conscious of his eager interest, her perturbation seemed to grow.

"Well?" she ventured.

"Do I look like a person who knew what he was talking about?" he asked.

"On the whole, I should say that you did," she admitted.

"Very well, then," he went on cheerfully, "believe me when I say that the shadow which depresses you all the time now will pass. I say this confidently," he added, his voice softening, "because I hope to be allowed to help. Haven't you guessed that I am very glad indeed to see you again?"

They had passed through Lanyon's passage and were in the quiet end of Curzon street.

"But you must not talk to me like that!" she postulated.

"Why not?" he demanded. "We have met under strange and untoward circumstances, but are you so very different from other women? Will you not accept my friendship?"

"It is impossible," she replied.

"May I be allowed to call on you?" he went on doggedly.

"I do not receive visitors," she answered.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I cannot accept my dismissal like this. I shall appeal to your father. However much he may dislike me, he has at least common sense."

She looked at him with a touch of the old horror in her coldly questioning eyes.

"In your way you have been kind to me," she admitted. "Let me return give you a word of advice. Let me beg you to have nothing whatever to do with my father. In friendship or in enmity. Either might be equally disastrous. Either, in the long run, is likely to cost you dear."

"If that is your opinion of your father, why do you live with him?" he asked.

She had become entirely callous again. Her smile, with its mocking quality, reminded him for a moment of the man whom they were discussing.

"Because I am a luxury and comfort-loving parasite," she answered deliberately, "because my father gladly pays my account at Lucille and Worth and Herne, because I have



"In Your Way You Have Been Kind to Me," She Admitted.

never learned to do without things. And please remember this. My father, so far as I am concerned, has no faults. He is a generous and courteous companion. Nevertheless, No. 70 b, Curzon street is no place for people who desire to lead normal lives."

And with that she was gone. Her gesture of dismissal was so complete and final that he had no courage for further argument. He had lost her almost as soon as he had found her.

## CHAPTER VIII

Four men were discussing the verdict at the adjourned inquest upon Victor Bidlake, at Soto's American bar about a fortnight later. They were Robert Fairfax, a young actor in musical comedy, Peter Jacks, a cinematographer, Gerald Morse, a dress designer, and Sidney Voss, a musical composer and librettist, all habitues of the place and members of the little-circle toward which the dead man had seemed, during the last few weeks of his life, to have become attracted. At the table a short distance away, Francis Ledsam was seated with a cocktail and a dish of almonds before him. He seemed to be studying an evening paper and to be taking but the scantiest notice of the conversation at the bar.

"It just shows," Peter Jacks declared, "that crime is the easiest game in the world. Given a reasonable amount of intelligence, and a murderer's business is about as simple as a sandwichman's."

"The police," Gerald Morse, a pale-faced amiable-looking youth, declared, "rely upon two things, circumstantial evidence and motive. In the present case there is no circumstantial evidence, and as to motive, poor old Victor was too big a fool to have an enemy in the world."

Sidney Voss, who was up for the Sheridan club and had once been there, glared reproachfully across at Francis.

"You ought to know something about crime and criminals, Mr. Ledsam," he said. "Have you any theory about the affair?"

Francis set down the glass from which he had been drinking, and, folding up the evening paper, laid it by the side of him.

"As a matter of fact," he answered calmly, "I have."

The few words, simply spoken, yet in their way charged with menace, thrilled through the little room. Fairfax swung round upon his stool, a tall, aggressive-looking youth whose good-looks were half eaten up with dissipation. His eyes were unnaturally bright, the cloudy remains in his glass indicated alcohol.

"Young gentleman," he begged, "pray do not disturb yourself. I will answer for it that neither you nor any of your friends are the objects of Mr. Ledsam's suspicion. Without a doubt, it is I to whom his somewhat bold statement refers."

They all stared at him, immersed in another crisis, bereft of speech. He tapped a cigarette upon the counter and lit it. Fairfax, whose glass had just been refilled by the bartender, was still ghastly pale, shaking with nervousness and breathing hoarsely. Francis, tense and alert in his chair, watched the speaker, but said nothing.

"Young gentleman," he begged, "pray do not disturb yourself. I will answer for it that neither you nor any of your friends are the objects of Mr. Ledsam's suspicion. Without a doubt, it is I to whom his somewhat bold statement refers."

"You see," Sir Timothy continued, addressing himself to the four young men at the bar. "I happen to have two special aversions in life. One is sweet champagne and the other amateur detectives—their stories, their methods and everything about them I chance to sit upstairs in the restaurant, within hearing of Mr. Ledsam and his friend Mr. Wilmore, the novelist, the other night, and I heard Mr. Ledsam, very much to my chagrin, announce his intention of abandoning a career in which he has, if he will allow me to say so,—with a courteous bow to Francis—"attained considerable distinction, to indulge in the mouth-eaten, flamboyant and melodramatic antics of the lesser Sherlock Holmes. I fear that I could not resist the opportunity of joking him about his new avocation."

Every one was listening intently, including Shopland, who had just drifted into the room and subsided into a chair near Francis.

"I moved my place, therefore," Sir Timothy continued, "and I whispered in Mr. Ledsam's ear some rodomontade to the effect that if he were planning to be the giant crime-detector of the world, I was by ambition the arch-criminal—or words to that effect."

"We can stand anything but suspense," he declared. "Get on with your shock-giving."

"I believe that the person responsible for the death of Victor Bidlake is in this room at the present moment," Francis declared.

Again the silence, curious, tense and dramatic. Little Jimmy, the bartender, who had leaned forward to listen, stood with his mouth slightly open and the cocktail-shaker which was in his hand leaking drops upon the counter.

"We can stand anything but suspense," he declared. "Get on with your shock-giving."

"I believe that the person responsible for the death of Victor Bidlake is in this room at the present moment," Francis declared.

"I have never been to one," she replied. "As a matter of fact, I have spent scarcely any time in England since my marriage. My husband was fond of traveling."

Notwithstanding the warm spring

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chat H. Fletcher* just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that tries with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulence, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## Special Bargains

## FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 0 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the quality of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. MCLENNAN

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.



"I Trust That I Have Succeeded in Setting These Young Gentlemen's Minds at Ease."

There were a few bewildered exclamations—then a dramatic hush. Fairfax had fallen forward on his stool. He seemed to have relapsed into a comatose state. Every scrap of color was drained from his sallow cheeks, his eyes were covered with a film and he was breathing heavily. The detective snatched up the glass from which the young man had been drinking, and smelt it.

"I saw him drop a tablet in just now," Jimmy faltered. "I thought it was one of the digestion pills he uses sometimes."

Shopland and the policeman placed their hands underneath the armpits of the unconscious man.

"He's done, sir," the former whispered to Francis. "We'll try and get him to the station if we can."

The greatest tragedies in the world, provided they happen to other people, have singularly little effect upon the externals of our own lives. There was, certainly not a soul in Soto's that night who did not know that Bobby Fairfax had been arrested in the bar below for the murder of Victor Bidlake, had taken poison and died on the way to the police station. Yet the same number of dinners were ordered and eaten, the same quantity of wine drunk. The management considered that they had shown marvelous dexterity of feeling by restraining the orchestra from their usual musical gymnastics until after the service of dinner. Conversation

Established 1785

*The Mercury.*

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone  
Local Postoffice

Saturday, February 2, 1924

Tomorrow, Sunday, the days will have lengthened just one hour. The sun will rise at 7 o'clock and set at 5, the days will be ten hours long. There will be a new moon next Monday.

A thousand able-bodied men in Geauga County, O., the other day held a great fox hunt in which they covered 60 square miles and captured one fox, which died from exhaustion. They call that sport.

Congress has been in session for two months and the Rhode Island General Assembly one month. Both bodies have transacted about the same amount of business, which being measured could be covered by the zero mark.

The Literary Digest is making a poll of all the voters of the country on the question, "Do you favor the Mellon plan for tax reduction?" The answers thus far received are 87,388 "yes" and 19,807 "no." Rhode Island gives 54 "yes" and 8 "no." Every state in the Union gives a majority for the Mellon plan.

Fuel Commissioner Webb of Providence has written to all the coal dealers in the state requesting them to reduce the price of coal immediately. He does this because the cost of coal to the dealer has been substantially reduced at the mines. The consumer will be grateful for any favors in that direction, be they large or small.

The building in the city of Providence last year amounted to \$21,622,000, which was the biggest year in the history of the city, and only surpassed by one city in New England, and that is Boston, where the building amounted to \$40,628,352. Last year was the biggest building year throughout New England in its history.

The total amount of taxes, Federal, State and local, paid by the people of these United States in the year 1922 was \$7,433,981,000, which is equivalent to \$88.37 for every man, woman and child in the country. It costs something to be governed. Suppose all this were let out in a business way, there is no room to doubt but that it could be done for one-quarter the above sum.

They have just completed the longest tunnel in the world. It is under a range of the Catskill Mountains in New York. It is eighteen miles long and has been dug through solid rock most of the way. It has been ten years under way. It is for the purpose of bringing an additional water supply into New York City. It will add two hundred and fifty millions gallons daily to the city's supply.

Some cold! Here are some of the thermometer readings in various parts of New England last Sunday morning: Swanzey, N. H., 42 below; Augusta, Me., 32 below; Bangor, Me., 25 below; Haverhill, Mass., 24 below; Concord, N. H., 20 below; Boston, 12 above; Providence, 10 below; Woonsocket, 12 below; Newport, zero to 2 above. This was the coldest January morning in many years.

It is predicted now that Hiram Johnson will be defeated in his own state and that Coolidge will have a solid delegation from California. This will be nothing but justice. Johnson has boasted that he had California tied up solid and no power on earth could get it away from him. It is certain that he has controlled the state in former times. He carried it against Hughes in 1916 and elected Wilson, and on more than one occasion he has used the state for his own selfish ends.

Ford reports the manufacture of 2,260,682 automobiles in 1923. Taking out Sundays and holidays leaves about 300 working days for a year. This would mean the manufacture of some 7,555 cars daily. Calling a working day ten hours and we have 733 and a half cars hourly. Reducing it to minutes and it shows something over twelve fliers manufactured every working minute throughout the year 1923. If this thing is kept up a few years longer, there will be a Ford flier for every man, woman and child in the country. It is said that Ford intends to surpass this number in 1924. He expects soon to be turning out 10,000 cars daily.

## GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The senate convened Tuesday at 2:17 and adjourned at 2:25. The only business transacted in the nine minutes' session was the reception of several appointments by the Governor, all of which went over under the rules. The house was in session half an hour. Several resolutions were introduced making extra appropriations for various objects, all of which were referred to committees. Mr. Bliss of Newport introduced a resolution allowing the use of the state armory in Newport by the Newport Lodge of Elks, which was granted under suspension of the rules, on motion of Representative Lawton.

Wednesday the senate remained in session 2 hours and 32 minutes and the house worked, or rather talked, 4 hours and 5 minutes. The Governor sent a large number of appointments to the senate, among which were Miss Agnes C. Storer of Newport as a member of the State Public Welfare Committee, Clifton L. Tallman of Newport, Commissioner of Inland Fisheries, Charles H. Bryant, M.D., of Tiverton, to be Medical Examiner for the towns of Tiverton and Little Compton. Senator Greene of Newport introduced a resolution directing the State Board of Roads to investigate the advisability of constructing a bridge across Mt. Hope Bay from Bristol to Portsmouth, and appropriating \$20,000 for the expense of such an examination. In the house, there was a long and bitter personal debate on the removal of the property qualification as a prerequisite for voting on all questions in all the cities and towns of the state. The bill finally passed by a vote of 61 to 26. Representative Bliss of Newport introduced a resolution to change the name of Lime Rock to Ida Lewis Rock and Light.

The senate transacted little or no business on Thursday. The Sanderson bill to abolish the property qualification in the cities of the state was on the calendar for action, but the senate adjourned without considering it. In the house the bill changing the name of Lime Rock and Light to Ida Lewis Rock and Light were reported favorably and passed under suspension of the rules. A resolution was also passed under suspension of the rules, urging upon Congress the necessity of increased appropriation for the Torpedo and Naval Training Stations at Newport, and approving the creation of a naval base and drydock in Narragansett Bay. Another bill was introduced increasing the pay of the members of the General Assembly to \$10 a day and that of the speaker to \$20. The plea for the measure is that better men can be obtained for the higher pay. We doubt it. No one will have the hardihood to claim that there are better men in the General Assembly now than when our legislators worked for one dollar a day.

## GREETINGS FROM AN OLD NEW-PORTER

The editor of the Mercury has just received the following greeting from a former well known citizen of Newport:

"Menton, France.  
"Xmas and New Year's Greetings  
"from  
"Samuel R. Honey."

Today is Candlemas Day. The weather today will tell what the rest of the winter is to be.

"If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,  
Old winter will take another flight."

Now that Leap Year gives them an extra 24 hours, a lot of persons ought to get caught up on some of those little jobs they couldn't find time for last year.

New York hasn't had a national gathering of either of the big parties since 1868. That town's entitled to a national convention once every half-century.

Weekly Calendar FEBRUARY 1924

STAND BY DAY.

SUN. SUN. MOON. 1112. WATER. FIRE.

2 Sat. 4 20 5 9 1 14 5 11 5 27

3 Sun. 5 28 5 10 5 17 6 9 5 25

4 Mon. 6 26 5 16 5 23 6 10 5 15

5 Tue. 7 25 5 18 5 27 7 20 5 02

6 Wed. 8 1 5 23 5 27 8 01 5 21 5 07

7 Thu. 9 19 5 29 5 05 8 05 9 02 5 10

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## COOLIDGE STANDS ON TAX BILL MERIT

He Believes Congress Will Become Convinced That the Mellon Plan Is Soundest.

### \$103,000,000 LOPPED OFF

Committee Dropped Levies on Admissions Up to 50 Cents, Telegraphs and Telephones—Excess Taxes to Be Erased.

Washington.—President Coolidge, it was said by a White House spokesman, believes that the administration tax bill is gaining support in and out of Congress, as the substitute proposals are analyzed and compared with the economic features of the bill recommended by Secretary Mellon. The impression received by the President from conferences and reports coming to him from the country at large is that the prospect for the enactment of the administration bill, without substantial changes, is growing better constantly.

Mr. Coolidge is hopeful that the bill will not be made a partisan measure and that members of Congress will support it without thinking of such consideration. He welcomes such support, it was said, as he does not desire to take credit for the bill but hopes that credit will go to those who vote for it, and that final action in Congress will be taken on the merits of the proposal, regardless of political leanings.

It was pointed out that the effects of the different substitute proposals had not been analyzed by experts. When these analyses are made and comparison is reached with the administration bill, the President believes that none of the other bills will show anything like the degree of relief from taxation provided in the administration bill, and that such analyses will tend to break down the opposition in Congress.

#### Party Leaders in Dilemma

Republican leaders in Congress are greatly worried over the refusal of Mr. Coolidge to consent to amendments increasing the surtax rates over those in the Mellon bill. They had hoped that the President, if he did not consent to these changes, would become less aggressive in his espousal of the Mellon schedules. The President has become stronger in his support of the Mellon bill as its support by Republicans in Congress has begun to grow weak and wavering.

In view of the difference between the majority party in Congress and the President, the opinion is expressed that taxpayers are beginning to examine carefully the relative merits of the bills. That the administration bill is gaining in this comparison is the belief of the President, despite the apparent purpose of the Republicans in the House to amend its surtax provisions.

Chairman Green said that in agreeing upon these reductions no partisan spirit was shown.

The following table shows the results agreed upon by the committees:

Revenue Source	Taxes
Telegraph and telephone	\$30,380,783.93
Beverages	10,181,896.94
Admissions	33,000,000.00
Theatres, seating tax	1,712,566.83
Candy	11,816,465.83
Hunting, bowie and dirk knives	81,506.17
Livery and livery boots	135,283.72
Hunting garments	163,274.28
Yachts and motor boats	267,073.97
Carpets and rugs	923,609.73
Trunks	46,510.21
Valises, &c.	34,008.35
Purses and pocketbooks	151,105.22
Portable lighting fixtures	229,575.07
Fans	11,081.45
Jewelry, &c.	10,000,000.00
Produce sales	3,607,690.84
Billiards and bowling	
&c (50 per cent)	1,200,000.00
Total	\$103,254,488.63

Mr. Green advised the committee not to make a total cut above \$110,000,000 of the available \$120,000,000, because leeway would be needed when it came to checking up the steps before the indirect tax sections were finally disposed of.

#### SMALL INCOMES' TAX CUT

Slash by House Committee Includes All Under \$5,000.

Washington.—Income tax payers got their first slice of the proposed tax relief when the House Ways and Means Committee adopted the recommendation of Secretary Mellon to allow a special 25 per cent reduction in the tax on incomes which are "earned."

All taxable incomes under \$5,000 were defined as earned for purposes of this reduction.

#### CHARGE MONOPOLY IN RADIO

Rights to Manufacture and Sell Devices Are Pooled.

Washington.—The Federal Trade Commission charged there is a monopoly in radio apparatus. The Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Western Electric Company, Inc., Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., the International Radio Telegraph Co., United Fruit Co., and Wireless Specialty Apparatus Co. are named.

LONDON.—Premier Macdonald in public interview declares Europe's distress is due principally to France's occupation of the Ruhr.

EL PASO.—Firing squad executes six rebels plotting to seize Juarez.

H. W. LONGFELLOW  
High in the Councils of Veterans' Bureau



## LENIN'S BODY IN A MARBLE TOMB

Procession, in One of Coldest Days Moscow Has Known, Runs to Keep Warm.

### PRISONERS ARE PAROLED

Hall of Unions' Banners Say "He is Dead but His Work Lives"—Massed Troops Keep Order. Ceremony Very Simple.

Moscow.—The climax of an amazing week of national emotion was reached at 4 o'clock Sunday under the ancient wall of the Kremlin when as bells tolled and guns thundered Stalin, Kamenoff, Zinovief, Bukharin, Rykov and Kalinin bore Lenin's red-draped coffin from the high dais where it had lain all the afternoon to the marble mausoleum, still covered by a wooden construction shed, under the shadow of a huge plaster statue of a workman.

This statue the Bolsheviks set up as a pendant to the bronze effigy on the opposite side of the square of the blacksmith Mirin, who helped to free Russia from Polish domination hundreds of years ago.

The crippled body of Nicolai Lenin lies in a grave 25 feet deep that was blasted out of the frozen soil below the Red Square of Moscow.

Above the grave rises a wooden mausoleum, which is to be replaced by a concrete tomb when spring comes again, unlock the frozen Russian wastes.

East, west, north and south, over the white plains and under the gray sky, rises the mourning cry of a nation, while in Moscow new leaders carry on the work of government the dead man built.

A million persons, bare-headed in the biting cold, stood silent for blocks around the Red Square, and in the square itself, as Lenin's body was lowered into the grave.

Above them stretched a world of white silence. From where the Baltic ice fields stretch beyond the ramparts of the Kronstadt to where the eastern slopes of the Urals roll down to the great Siberian wilderness, from Northern Archangel to where Odessa looks on the Black Sea, not a wheel stirred in all Russia.

Traffic and industry was still at 4 p.m. as all that was mortal of Lenin passed to the grave. The hush of death fell on an ice-blocked country.

Then, out of that cold silence, came a voice, the far-flung call of government radio stations, hurling one message across the lonely forests, steppes and mountains:

"Lenin is dead. His work lives forever."

In the Red Square they were burying Lenin. But in ten thousand cities and hamlets a new deity, a legend and a tradition was being born.

Five minutes of silence ended. Massed field pieces of the Red army thundered out a salute. Factory whistles roared into the sky. From the masts of the radio station here a broadcast funeral march rolled out.

Such was the final act in the dramatic story of Lenin.

Long before dawn all Moscow was astir. Thousands of peasants poured into the city on sledges to attend the funeral. Huge bonfires blazed in the streets.

At 6 o'clock, while the city was still wrapped in darkness, a procession began to move toward the grave. They were the wreath bearers, carrying some of the 600 wreaths from every section of Russia. At 7 o'clock another ghostly procession approached. They bore great banners, emblazoned with words of mourning.

At 9 o'clock Stalin, Minister of Nationalities, and Zinovief, President of the Petrograd Soviet, lifted Lenin's coffin, aided by six workmen, from its couch in the Union House, carrying it on their shoulders to the door. There President Kalinin and Kamenoff, head of the Moscow Soviet, joined the workmen in taking the coffin. On the way to Red Square the pallbearers were relieved regularly, among those taking their turn being Foreign Minister Tchitcherina, Bucharin and Krasin.

House committee to report Mellon tax plan intact.

Gen. Hines contemplates plans for remodeling work of Veterans' Bureau.

Representative Garrett introduces joint resolution to void Teapot Dome oil lease.

Republican leaders may urge Coolidge to oust both Daugherty and Denby over Teapot Dome oil disclosures.

Charging propaganda by New York "foreign interests," Ohio Congressman offers drastic immigration bill.

The fight against the confirmation of George B. Christian as a member of the Federal Trade Commission was resumed in the Senate with redoubled vigor. Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, leading the fight.

Coolidge selects special prosecutor in Teapot Dome Inquiry; Daugherty washes hands of case.

Joint legislative committee opens headquarters to direct nationwide fight for Volstead law modification.

Bitter battle over surtax rate to be fought on floor of House.

Incorporated 1819

## The Savings Bank of Newport

THAMES STREET

INTEREST 4 1/2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

Deposits made on or before January 19, 1924, draw interest from that date.

Deposits \$13,642,505.10

### A GOOD HABIT FORMER

An account with the Industrial Trust Company is a good habit former—helping the depositor to save regularly and deposit where funds steadily accumulate.

Your account is invited.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

### THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

## SMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

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CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY  
TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Fresh & Specialty

## NEWS HAPPENINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Items Gleaned From All Parts of New England

During the calendar year 1923 the number of forest fires in Connecticut was cut by one-third, the area burned was cut three-fourths, and the damage resulting from fire was decreased more than four-fifths.

Word

was

received

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Washington

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First

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U. S.

Infantry

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membership

on

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Citizen's

Military

Training

Camp

Devens

next

summer.

### HOLD UP NOMINATION

Senate Progressives Led by La Follette Block Confirmation.

Washington.—Senate Progressives led by Senator La Follette, blocked confirmation of the nomination of George B. Christian, Jr., secretary to the late President Harding, as a Federal Trade Commissioner, to take effect at once.

Postponement of confirmation for at least two weeks was forced by La Follette in a meeting of the Senate Commerce Committee.

### ITALY AND JUGO-SLAVIA TREATY

All Claims on Fiume Turned Over to Italians.

Rome.—The Italo-Jugo-Slav alliance is an accomplished fact. News that France and Czechoslovakia signed a treaty of alliance, and that the Spanish-Belgian commercial treaty had been extended was followed by the signing of an agreement between the Italian and Jugo-Slavian governments. Jugo-Slavia signs over to Italy all claims on Fiume, which thereby returns to Italian domination.

## Keep Your Hair Healthy By Using

CUTICURA

Shampoo regularly with a bar of Cuticura Soap and hot water and keep your scalp clean and healthy. Before shampooing, touch spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura

with Andrew Wilmore, and while he was ordering the dinner and talking to some friends, I went down to the American bar to have a cocktail. Miss Daisy Hyslop and Fairfax were seated there alone and talking confidentially. Fairfax was insisting that Miss Hyslop should do something which puzzled her. She consented reluctantly, and Fairfax then hurried off to the theater. Later on, Miss Hyslop and the unfortunate young man occupied a table close to ours, and I happened to notice that she made a point of leaving the restaurant at a particular time. While they were waiting in the vestibule she grew very impatient. I was standing behind them and I saw her glance at the clock just before she insisted upon her companion's going out himself to look for a taxi-cab. Ergo, one inquires at Fairfax's theater. For that exact three-quarters of an hour he is off the stage. At that point my interest in the matter ceases. Scotland Yard was quite capable of the rest.

"Disappointing," Sir Timothy murmured. "I thought at first that you were over-modest. I find that I was mistaken. It was chance alone which set you on the right track."

"Well, there is my story, at any rate," Francis declared. "With how much of your knowledge of the affairs are you going to indulge me?"

Sir Timothy slowly revolved his brandy glass.

"Well," he said, "I will tell you this. The two young men concerned, Bidlake and Fairfax, were both guests of mine recently at my country house. They had discovered for one another a very fierce and reasonable antipathy. With that recurrence to primitivism with which I have always been a hearty sympathizer, they agreed. Instead of going round their little world making sneering remarks about each other, to fight it out."

"At your suggestion, I presume?" Francis interposed.

"Precisely," Sir Timothy assented. "I recommended that course, and I offered them facilities for bringing the matter to a crisis. The fight, indeed, was to have come off the day after the unfortunate episode which anticipated it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you knew?" Francis began.

Sir Timothy checked him quietly but effectively.

"I knew nothing," he said, "except this. They were neither of them young men of much stomach, and I knew that the one who was the greater coward would probably try to anticipate the matter by attacking the other first if he could. I knew that Fairfax was the greater coward—not that there was much to choose between them—and I also knew that he was the injured person. That is really all there is about it. My somewhat theatrical statement to you was based upon probability, and not upon any certain knowledge. As you see, it came off."

"And the cause of their quarrel?" Francis asked.

"There might have been a hundred reasons," Sir Timothy observed. "As a matter of fact, it was the eternal one. There is no need to mention a woman's name, so we will let it go at that."

There was a moment's silence—a strange, unforgettable moment for Francis Ledsam, who seemed by some

curious trick of the imagination to have been carried away into an impossible and grotesque world. The hum of eager conversation, the popping of corks, the little trills of feminine laughter, all blended into one sensual and unmusical chorus, seemed to fade from his ears. He fancied himself in some subterranean place of vast dimensions, through the grim galleries of which men and women with evil faces, crept like animals. And towering above them, unreal in size, his scornful face an epitome of sin, the knout which he wielded symbolical and ghastly, driving his motley flock with the fear of the evil shepherd, was the man from whom he had already learned to recoil with horror. The picture came and went in a flash. Francis found himself accepting a courteously offered cigar from his companion.

"You see, the story is very much like many others," Sir Timothy murmured, as he lit a fresh cigar himself and leaned back with the obvious enjoyment of the cultivated smoker. "In every country of the world, the animal world as well as the human world, the male resents his female being taken from him. Directly he ceases to resent it, he becomes degenerate. Surely you must agree with me, Mr. Ledsam?"

"It comes to this, then," Francis pronounced deliberately, "that you stage-managed the whole affair."

Sir Timothy smiled.

"It is my belief, Mr. Ledsam," he said, "that you grow more and more intelligent every hour."

Sir Timothy glanced presently at his thin gold watch and put it back in his pocket regretfully.

"Alas!" he sighed. "I fear that I must tear myself away. I particularly want to hear the last act of 'Louise.' The new Frenchwoman sings, and my daughter is alone. You will excuse me."

Francis nodded silently. His companion's careless words brought a sudden dazzling vision into his mind. Sir Timothy scrawled his name at the foot of his bill.

"It is one of my axioms in life, Mr. Ledsam," he continued, "that there is more pleasure to be derived from the society of one's enemies than one's friends. If I thought you sufficiently educated in the outside ways of the world to appreciate this, I would ask if you cared to accompany me!"

Francis did not hesitate for a moment.

"Sir Timothy," he said, "I have the greatest detestation for you, and I am

firmly convinced that you represent all the things in life abhorrent to me. On the other hand, I should very much like to hear the last act of 'Louise,' and it would give me the greatest pleasure to meet your daughter. So long as there is no misunderstanding."

Sir Timothy laughed.

"Come," he said, "we will get our hats. I am becoming more and more grateful to you, Mr. Ledsam. You are supplying something in my life which I have lacked. You appeal alike to my sense of humor and my imagination. We will visit the opera together."

#### CHAPTER IX

The two men left Soo's together, very much in the fashion of two ordinary acquaintances sailling out to spend the evening together. Sir Timothy's Rolls-Royce limousine was in attendance, and in a few minutes they were threading the parlous of Covent Garden. It was here that an incident occurred which afforded Francis considerable food for thought during the next few days.

It was a Friday night, and one or two wagons laden with vegetable produce were already threading their way through the difficult thoroughfares. Suddenly Sir Timothy, who was looking out of the window, pressed the button of the car, which was at once brought to a standstill. Before the footman could reach the door Sir Timothy was out in the street. For the first time Francis saw him angry. His eyes were blazing. His voice. Francis had followed him at once into the street—shook with passion. His hand had fallen heavily upon the shoulder of a huge carter, who, with whip in hand, was bafaboring a thin scarecrow of a horse.

"What the devil are you doing?" Sir Timothy demanded.

The man stared at his questioner, and the instinctive antagonism of race vibrated in his treacherous reply. The carter was a beefy-faced, untidy-looking brute, but powerfully built and with huge shoulders. Sir Timothy, straight as a dart, without overcoat or any covering to his thin evening clothes, looked like a stripling in front of him.

"I'm whippin' 'er, if yer want to know," was the carter's reply. "I've got to get up the 'll, ain't I? Gara and mind yer own business!"

"This is my business," Sir Timothy declared, laying his hand upon the neck of the horse. "I am an official of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. You are laying yourself open to a fine for your treatment of this poor brute."

"I'll lay myself open for a fine for the treatment of something else, if you don't quid 'old of my 'oss," the carter retorted, throwing his whip back into the wagon and coming a step nearer. "D'yer 'ear? I don't want any swells interferin' with my business. You 'op it. Is that strike enough? 'Op it, quick!"

Sir Timothy's anger seemed to have abated. There was even the beginning of a smile upon his lips. At the time his hand caressed the neck of the horse. Francis noticed with amazement that the poor brute had raised its head and seemed to be making some faint effort at reciprocation.

"My good man," Sir Timothy said, "you seem to be one of those brutal persons unfit to be trusted with an animal. However—"

The carter had heard quite enough. Sir Timothy's tone seemed to madden him. He clenched his fist and rushed in.

"You take that for interferin', you big toff!" he shouted.

The result of the man's effort at pugilism was almost ridiculous. His arms appeared to go round like windmills beating the air. It really seemed as though he had rushed upon the point of Sir Timothy's knuckles, which had suddenly shot out like the piston of an engine. The carter lay on his back for a moment. Then he staggered viciously to his feet.

"Don't!" Sir Timothy begged, as he saw signs of another attack. "I don't want to hurt you. I have been amateur champion of two countries. Not quite fair, is it?"

"Wot d'yer want to come interferin' with a chap's business for?" the man



"You 'Op it—is That Strike Enough? 'Op it, Quick!"

growled, dabbing his cheek with a flthy handkerchief but keeping at a respectful distance.

"It happens to be my business also," Sir Timothy replied, "to interfere whenever I see animals ill-treated."

Now I don't want to be unreasonable. That animal has done all the work it ought to do in this world. How much is she worth to you?"

"That 'oss," he said, "ain't what she was, it's true, but there's a lot of work in 'er yet. She may not be much to look at but she's worth forty quid to me—ay, and one to spit on!"

Sir Timothy counted out some notes from the pocketbook which he had produced, and handed them to the man.

"Here are fifty pounds," he said: "The mare is mine."

He called over his footman and directed him to unharness the animal and take it to his private stable, in town.

The man touched his hat and hastened to commence his task. Sir Timothy, turned to Francis. "We might walk the last few yards, Mr. Ledsam," he said.

The latter acquiesced at once, and in a moment or two they were in the opera house.

Margaret Hilditch, her chair pushed back into the recesses of the box, scarcely turned her head at her father's entrance.

"I have brought an acquaintance of yours, Margaret," the latter announced, as he hung up his hat. "You remember Mr. Ledsam?"

Francis drew a little breath of relief as he bowed over her hand. For the second time her inordinate composure had been assailed. She was her usual calm and indifferent self almost immediately, but the gleam of surprise, and he fancied not unpleasant surprise, had been unmistakable.

"Are you a devotee, Mr. Ledsam?" she asked.

"I am fond of music," Francis answered, "especially this opern."

She motioned to the chair in the front of the box, facing the stage.

"You must sit there," she insisted. "I prefer always to remain here, and my father always likes to face the audience. I really believe," she went on, "that he likes to catch the eye of the journalist who writes little gossip items, and to see his name in print."

"But you yourself?" Francis ventured.

"I fancy that my reasons for preferring seclusion should be obvious enough," she replied, a little bitterly.

"My daughter is inclined, I fear, to be a little morbid," Sir Timothy said, settling down in his place.

Francis made no reply. A triangular conversation of this sort was almost impossible. The members of the orchestra were already climbing up to their places, in preparation for the overture to the last act. Sir Timothy rose to his feet.

"You will excuse me for a moment," he begged. "I see a lady to whom I may pay my respects."

Francis drew a sigh of relief at his departure. He turned at once to his companion.

"Did you mind my coming?" he asked.

"Mind it?" she repeated, with almost insolent nonchalance. "Why should it affect me in any way? My father's friends come and go. I have no interest in any of them."

"But," he protested, "I want you to be interested in me."

She moved a little uneasily in her place. Her tone, nevertheless, remained lewy.

"Could you possibly manage to avoid personalities in your conversation, Mr. Ledsam?" she begged. "I have tried already to tell you how I feel about such things."

She was certainly difficult. Francis realized that with a little sigh.

"Were you surprised to see me with your father?" he asked, a little inexactly.

"I cannot conceive what you two have found in common," she admitted.

"Perhaps our interest in you," he replied. "By-the-bye, I have just seen him perform a quite but a very fine action," Francis said. "He stopped a carter from thrashing his horse, knocked him down, bought the horse from him and sent it home."

She was mildly interested.

"An amiable side of my father's character which no one would suspect," she remarked. "The entire park of his country house at Hutton End is given over to broken-down animals."

"I am one of these," he confessed, "who find this trait amazing."

"And I am another," she remarked coolly. "If any one settled down seriously to try and understand my father, he would need the spectacles of a De Quincey, the outlook of a Voltaire, and the callousness of a Borgia. You see, he doesn't tend himself to any of the recognized standards."

"Neither do you," he said boldly.

She looked away from him across the house, to where Sir Timothy was talking to a man and woman in one of the ground-floor boxes. Francis recognized them with some surprise—an agricultural duke and his daughter, Lady Cynthia Milton, one of the most beautiful and famous young women in London.

"Your father goes far afield for his friends," Francis remarked.

"My father has no friends," she replied. "He has many acquaintances. I doubt whether he has a single confidant. I expect Cynthia is trying to persuade him to invite her to his next party at the Walled House."

"I should think she would fall, won't she?" he asked.

"Why should you think that?"

Francis shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Your father's entertainments have the reputation of being somewhat unique," he remarked. "You do not, by-the-bye, attend them yourself."

"You must remember that I have had very few opportunities so far," she observed. "Besides, Cynthia has

tastes which I do not share."

"As, for instance?"

"She goes to the National Sporting club. She once traveled, I know, over a hundred miles to go to a bull fight."

"On the whole," Francis said, "I am glad that you do not share her tastes."

"You know her?" Margaret inquired.

"Indifferently well," Francis replied.

"I knew her when she was a child, and we seem to come together every now and then at long intervals."

"As a debutante she was charming. Lately it seems to me that she has got into the wrong set."

"What do you call the wrong set?"

He hesitated for a moment.

"Please don't think I am laying down the law," he said. "I have been out so little, the last few years, that I ought not, perhaps, to criticize."

Lady Cynthia, however, seems to me to belong to the extreme section of

the younger generation, the section

who have a sort of craze for the unusual, whose taste in art and living is

distorted and bizarre. You know

what I mean, don't you—black draw-

ing-rooms, futurist wall-papers, opium dens and a cocaine box! It's to some

extent affectation, of course, but it's a

folly that claims its victims."

She studied him for a moment at-

tentively. His leanness was the lean-

ness of muscular strength and condi-

tion, his face was full of vigor and

determination."

"You at least have escaped the ab-

normal," she remarked.

"I am not quite sure how the entertainments at the Walled House would appeal to you, but if my father should invite you there, I should advise you not to go."

"Why not?" he asked.

She hesitated for a moment.

"I really don't know why I should trouble to give you advice," she said.

"As a matter of fact, I don't care

whether you go or not. In any case,

you are scarcely likely to be asked."

# Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET  
Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## WATER

ALL PERSONS dubious of having water introduced into their residence or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thorne.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

**Light for Revere's Midnight Ride.**  
There has long been a controversy between the descendants of two families concerning the identity of the friend of Paul Revere who placed the signal lantern in the old North church in Boston. Some assert that the lights were placed by Robert Newman, at that time sexton of the church, others contend that it was John Pulling, an intimate friend of Revere's from the time of his boyhood. Historians for the most part now give the credit to Newman.

**Green Gutta Percha.**  
This substance is now obtained from the leaves of the caoutchouc tree and is said to be more durable than that procured by cutting into the stem of the tree. Unlike the ordinary product, it does not require an expensive process of purification, so that its cost is cheapened. In France and elsewhere green gutta percha has been employed in the construction of submarine cables.—Washington Star.

**Woodstone.**  
Woodstone is the name of a material made of sawdust mixed with magnesia cement and compressed under enormous pressure. This woodstone is very like ordinary wood, save that it has no grain. It is made in planks which can be cut with a saw and planed, and has the advantage of not being inflammable.

**Eliminate Extra Steps.**  
By carefully arranging utensils and supplies to eliminate extra steps and motions, experimenters at University of Washington have demonstrated that a housewife can cut nearly eleven minutes from the time ordinarily taken to make a lemon pie.

**The Zero Milestone.**  
The "zero milestone" stands just south of the White House, in Washington, on the ellipse of Potomac park. From this milestone is measured the distance along the national highways of the United States. The stone is of white marble, and on top is a bronze sundial.

**Mistaken.**  
"John, John!" whispered a congress man's wife. "Wake up, I'm sure there are burglars in the house." "Robbers in the house?" he muttered sleepily. "Absolutely preposterous. There may be robbers in the senate, Mary, but not in the house. Absurd!"—National Republican.

**Ancient Stone Axes.**  
Fourteen stone axes, recently unearthed on a farm property in Norway, are declared by experts to be examples of one of the earliest known forms of stone axes, dating from a period 7,000 years ago.

**Sudan Grass.**  
From an eight-ounce package of Sudan grass sent to this country from Khartoum in 1909 what is now a \$10,000,000 a year forage crop found in many states of the Union has been developed.

**Ridiculous.**  
The most ridiculous thing we know of is the bow-legged dancing master trying to make a knock-kneed rapper take the step just as he does it.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

**Highest Price for Poem.**  
The highest price ever paid for a poem was \$3,000 golden crowns paid to Saunzaro by the citizens of Venice for his eulogy of their city—a poem of six lines only.

**"Mebbe" He's Right.**  
Jud Tunkins says mebbe it's better for people not to have so much money that they can afford to start divorce proceedings at the first little family quarrel.

**Only Woman Jockey.**  
Miss Margaret Leigh, daughter of a former Kentucky race horse owner, is the only woman jockey in America. She has ridden horses since childhood.

**Game is Scarce.**  
"Game is gettin' so scarce," said Uncle Eben. "dat a duck dat gets shot kin at least have de comfort of knowin' he lies famous."

**The Easiest Way.**  
Every seventh married couple is divorced, so if you are seventh in line at the parson's you might as well go back home and give it up.

**Something to Be Proud Of.**  
A woman is never satisfied with her prowess as a shopper until she has succeeded in getting a bargain at a church sale.

## Avoid Taints in Milk by Feeding

Tests Show That Green Alfalfa Produces More "Off" Odors Than Does Corn.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Undesirable flavors and odors in milk produced by feeding green alfalfa, green corn, or turnips may be prevented by giving these feeds at the proper time or they may be reduced by thorough separation of the milk. These conclusions have been reached by the United States Department of Agriculture after extensive tests in which experienced milk judges who had no knowledge of the samples gave their opinions about the quality of the milk. The results of the tests of green alfalfa and green corn have been published in Department Bulletin 1100, Effect of Feeding Green Alfalfa and Green Corn on Flavor and Odor of Milk, by C. J. Babcock. The results of the investigations on turnips have been published in Department Bulletin 1208, Effect of Feeding Turnips on the Flavor and Odor of Milk, by the same author.

**Alfalfa Produces Flavor.**  
It is shown that green alfalfa produces much more pronounced "off" flavors and odors than does green corn. Even when 25 pounds of green corn is fed one hour before milking the milk is only slightly tainted, probably not to an sufficient extent to be detected by the average consumer; if fed after milking nothing undesirable is noticeable. Feeding 30 pounds of green alfalfa one hour before milking, or as little as 15 pounds, produced objectionable flavors and odors. Increasing the time to three hours reduced the intensity but did not eliminate the taints. However, when the time before milking was increased to five hours the off flavors and odors were practically eliminated. It was found also that 30 pounds could be fed immediately after milking without any bad effects. The conclusion is that green alfalfa as a soiling crop should be fed immediately after milking, and that when it is used as pasture the cattle should be taken off four or five hours before milking. Aeration will help to remove slight off odors and flavors. Green corn, at least up to 25 pounds at a feed, may be fed at any time.

**Root Crops Not Blamed.**  
In some regions root crops are used to supply succulence in the fall and winter, and among these crops turnips are one of the most commonly grown. They have long been suspected of being responsible for off flavors and odors in milk, and the department's investigation has shown that the dairymen were right about it. Feeding 15 pounds of turnips an hour before milking produced taints, and increasing the quantity fed to 30 pounds greatly intensified them. By feeding even the maximum quantity just after milking practically all the objectionable flavors and odors were avoided. As in the case of alfalfa, slight off flavors and odors were removed and strong ones reduced by aeration. The taints were more noticeable in the cream than in the milk.

Copies of the bulletins may be obtained, as long as the supply lasts, by addressing the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

## Meat Scrap Is Essential to Production of Eggs

That rations for laying hens should contain approximately 12 per cent of meat scrap for efficient egg production is brought out by tests at the Ohio experiment station.

This amount of meat scrap has decreased the cost of feed more than 20 per cent and increased the egg production more than 50 per cent as compared with a ration containing only 2 per cent of meat scrap. This was true of both the heavy and light breeds of poultry.

A ration in which the grain mixture was made up of three parts corn, one part wheat and the dry mash mixture of two parts, by weight, ground corn, one part bran and two parts meat scrap, has proved satisfactory. The fowls consumed twice as much grain as mash.

## Plow Legumes Under for Building Up Fertility

Over 652,000 acres of legumes were plowed under for green manure in 1922 by farmers following the advice of agricultural extension workers on methods of building up soil fertility, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Finding that the fields in which they desired to plant legumes had acid soil, some 49,000 farmers in 1922 followed the recommendation of their county agent to apply lime on these fields. They used for this purpose, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture, about 927,000 tons of lime or limestone.

## Especially Worth While to Save Supply of Corn

Prof. R. M. Green, marketing head at the Kansas State Agricultural College, believes that it is especially worth the farmer's while to conserve corn. Cattle roughed through the winter and corn fed for the spring market promise better. While cattle prices may work to a slightly lower level than last season, storage holdings of beef are no more burdensome than last year and production is in no way as much overdone as in the case of hogs.

## Wheat Versus Bran as Feed for Dairy Cows

### Feed Stuff's Vary in Value According to Other Feeds.

A correspondent asks the value of low-grade wheat at \$1.10 per hundred-weight, compared with wheat bran at \$1.40 for dairy cows. The digestible nutrients in the two feeds show 30 per cent more total feed value in wheat but 25 per cent more protein and three times as much minerals in the bran. Bran is valued also for its laxative and bulky nature, which makes it good for mixing with heavy grains. Feeding stuffs vary in value according to the other feeds in the ration. Bran would be the more valuable feed in balancing fatness greatly lacking in protein.

Where alfalfa hay is available to supply protein and minerals, the wheat would prove the cheapest feed at above prices. With a ration based largely on corn fodder, cane hay, millet hay or corn silage for roughage it would be necessary to feed some high protein concentrate like oil meal or bran in addition to the wheat. Wheat is heavy concentrate and should be mixed with lighter feeds like barley, oats, kaft or dried beet pulp. Because finely ground wheat is likely to form a paste in the mouth, it should be rolled or crushed rather than ground fine, another reason for feeding it in a mixture. We have no record of experiments comparing wheat bran directly, since wheat is generally too high-priced to use as stock feed. The Danes consider both wheat and wheat bran are equal to mixed barley and oats, though in the feed-unit tables used in Scandinavian countries wheat is considered one-tenth more valuable than wheat bran for dairy feeding.—Charles I. Bray, Columbia Agricultural College.

## Select Breeding Stock for Production of Eggs

In selecting breeding stock for egg production choose birds that show signs of being good layers, as indicated by trap-nest records and those having egg-laying characteristics, such as deep bodies with good width between the pelvic bones and good depth between pelvic and keel bones. Select birds as near standard type as possible. For breeding, yearling or two-year-old hens are preferred. Batching eggs should not be kept more than ten days.

N. E. Chapman, poultry specialist at University farm, who gives the foregoing advice, advocates dry, warm, well-ventilated quarters for the flock with plenty of scratching room and range as soon as the weather permits. To insure laying the breeders should be kept in good condition by proper feeding. A laying ration should consist of from 10 to 15 per cent meat scrap.

**Important Ducks Should Have Plenty of Water**

In feeding ducks, a good many folks, overlook the fact that they have no crops like other domestic fowls. The food passes from the throat into a round duct which opens directly into the gizzard, and for this reason ducks should have mostly soft food.

For the same reason it is also quite important that ducks should have plenty of water to drink in case the food refuses to go smoothly down the passage which takes the place of a crop. A good many people mix a little sand with the mash they feed their ducks, and this assists in grinding and digestion.

Ducks are very fond of vegetables and green food of all kinds. They also like potatoes prepared in a way that they can be easily eaten. When ducks are kept confined, bran may well constitute the principal part of their diet.

## Farm Implements Should Have Proper Attention

Before the implements are put away for the season whether under roof or not, it is well to give the wooden parts a coat of paint, and sometimes paint will prevent rust when applied to the metal parts of the frame. The gears on machinery, such as the binder and the mower, should be thoroughly cleaned and given a coat of some sort of oil. The bright steel parts, such as shovels and mold boards, should be given a coat of grease in order to prevent rust. This should be done even though implements are housed, because moisture in the air will cause rust to form even in a cool shed.

## Illinois Station Gives Ration to Fatten Horse

Several years ago the Illinois experiment station carried on some experiments in fattening draft horses. They found about the best fattening ration was a ration composed of one-fourth oats and three-fourths corn, with good clover or alfalfa hay. The horses, which were confined in the stall, not allowed to run loose in the yard, made by far the best gain.

## Minerals Not Necessary for Pigs Being Fattened

Mineral mixtures are not necessary for pigs being fattened for market if enough tankage is fed to supply a sufficient amount of protein for tankage is also rich in the minerals needed. Alfalfa hay is also rich in minerals, especially lime. Tankage and alfalfa hay is the best and cheapest mineral mixture available to the farmer.

## Choker Collar, Ribbed Jacket, Suit Features



Showing choker collar and snappy ribbed jacket, attractive features of this clever knitted suit.

## Good Looks and Charm Found in All Women

Do you feel that nearly every woman in the world is more beautiful than you, and more charming? Do you get the blues over your unpopularity with men? Do you act the part of a drab and lowly earthworm when you venture into your employer's office to ask for a raise in pay?

Then—turn over a new leaf!

Stop worrying over the charms you think you lack. And, along with your powders, rouges and face creams, build up a serene belief in the good looks you undeniably possess.

This is the counsel given in the Designer Magazine by a famous New York physician who is visited annually by hundreds of patients in search of relief from troublesome nerves. Among these are women whose self-confidence is shattered because of their anxiety over real or fancied defects in their personal appearance.

"The woman who believes she is homely is always much better looking than she thinks she is," he said.

"Women who imagine they aren't as beautiful as other women—the world is full of them," he said. "They suffer black, insidious over their pimples, moles, freckles, big feet, stubby fingers, the shape of their noses, the size of their hands, the color of their skin. Their sensitiveness over their supposed ugliness hurts so much that often they cannot speak of it—not to their husbands, their mothers, their most trusted friends."

"The woman who feels as ugly as a mud fence should take herself in hand. She can, if she gives her horse sense of chance, throw off her delusion of ugliness. Probably she isn't conspicuously plain. It's her state of mind that needs improving."

"Women who think they are frights rate well in looks with their sisters who get into the thick of the fun at dances, who are elected to office in their clubs, or who land good jobs," he explained. "They're not Ugly Ducklings; but they can't shake off the shrinking Ugly Duckling feeling. They take back seat, for they haven't enough confidence in their beauty, or their cleverness to warrant pushing themselves ahead."

"Of such women we say: 'She is capable, but she lacks faith in herself.' She would be a charming hostess but for her shyness! She could hold that job if she had nerve."

"I haven't the manner of a queen or the curl of a Mary Pickford, so I won't play; their behavior says as plainly as words."

## Black Continues to Be One of Favored Colors

It might be said, considering the rarity of front and back trimmings on the new hats, that ornamentation is almost entirely a style issue; certainly, it is very dashing. Often it occurs on both sides, with balanced effect. Trimming is, in the main, drooping rather than upstanding, and seems to have no idea of where to stop once it begins trailing.

Very able are both the long uncured ostrich plume which takes a headlong leap off the side of practically any sort of small hat and the ribbon of ever longer claims which becomes a scarf.

Despite the preference each designer has for a particular color, it is plain that black continues to be the smartest of them all. Brown and black, relieved by bright colors, are very respectfully represented in most of the collections, and greens and reds are not without noticeable precedent.

## Vogue of Jersey.

It is not surprising that the jersey frock introduced rather tentatively early in the season should have caught the feminine fancy, for there is a naive boyishness about its slim, straight lines, its plain little collar and cuffs of linen and in the subdued tones of its coloring that is extraordinarily attractive. For the schoolgirl and her sister of college age a frock of this type is ideal and one finds them featured by shop that make a specialty of youthful fashions.

## Low Girdle, New Fashion in Paris

### Side Drapery and Bib and Hood Effects Are Among Styles Shown.

Dignified draperies are claiming considerable attention. This does not mean that draped models are replacing those with bouffants and tiers, but rather that they are used in conjunction with one another. Many of the new models, notes a writer in the New York Tribune, are basically draped but have, in addition to the drapery, bouffants, tiers, cascading panels and jabot effect.

Callot excels in new draped models. These are draped in a most graceful way and differ widely from the figure-molding effects of the past.

A new Callot evening model dispenses with every bit of underwear or other accessories that once were indispensable to the woman's toilette. All of the dresses have little girdle belts to which hose supporters are attached. The dress is built on this girdle, whether it be of normal or low waistline, so all the fashionable Parisienne wears is a pair of slippers, a pair of stockings and her dress.

One of Vionnet's newest models is so cut that the front forms a series of draped folds like a hood. This is done by means of a bias seam down the center front. A similar effect is worked out in a bib effect, elongating and rounding at the corners, this bib formed of alternating bands of two shades of crepe, one of which forms the remainder of the dress.

Cheruit shows her ingenious use of drapery in a gown in which she strikingly emphasizes the simplicity of the winter mode, which, in this case, is nothing more than a width of velvet at a fine and thin in texture as the best appliances of today have been able to produce. Alexander the Great introduced the "vegetable wool" into Europe.

## Selected Church Bell Over Phone.

Listening by long distance telephone from Boston to the tolling of several bells at Troy, N. Y., enabled a church committee deputed to purchase a bell to make a decision without the expense of a trip to the factory.

## Nature's Vaudeville Fro.

Why do you want to spend your money to laugh at a movie comedy when you can go to the links and see a fat woman in knickerbockers playing golf without paying a cent for the show?—New Orleans States.

## The Morepus That Was.

Morepus, a fossil animal which once lived in what is now Nebraska, was about the size of a modern camel, had a neck like a horse, back and tail like a tapir, legs like a rhinoceros, but had claws instead of hoofs.

## Castle of Chapultepec.

Emperor Maximilian and his consort resided in the castle of Chapultepec during their brief reign in Mexico. The castle is said to be in the exact condition in which it was when they fled from it.

## To Measure Gases.

A bathing cap, automobile grease gun and can of soda lime are among the parts of a simply constructed apparatus designed to teach medical students how to measure gases breathed.

## Some Record.

Married in 1853, another before her seventeenth birthday, a grandmother fifteen years later, at the age of thirty-one, is the record of a woman living in Carmarthenshire, Wales.

## SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, February 3, 1849

Mr. Steadman of South Kingstown came up to Providence Saturday on the railroad train. Although he lives within seven miles of the railroad he has never before seen a railroad car. His private carriage is hung on two wheels drawn by his favorite ox, which conveys the family to church. The make of the carriage is entirely original, and difficult to describe.

Thomas R. Hazard Esq., of Portsmouth, the well known philanthropist, was elected one of the vice presidents of the American Colonization Society, at its annual meeting in Washington.

On Saturday last the remains of the late Mrs. Catharine H. Greenway were brought to this place and entombed in Trinity Churchyard, near the remains of her grandfather, the late Dr. William Hunter. Mrs. G. was the wife of John Greenway, of Montevideo, and the daughter of the Hon. William Hunter of this town. She died in April, 1847, and Mr. G. being about to settle in the United States brought with him the remains of his wife to be interred with her kindred.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, January 31, 1874

The dedicatory exercises of the new Thames Street M. E. Chapel, which are to take place on the tenth of next month, will be conducted by Bishop Wiley of Boston, one of the leading divines in that denomination. It is expected that many of the former pastors of the church will be present and participate in the exercises.

A most cowardly outrage was committed recently on the premises of Maria Plummer, near the Church of the Holy Cross in Middletown. Windows were broken, stones thrown in, furniture injured, and house damaged inside and out. Mrs. P. was absent from home visiting a sick neighbor. A reward was offered in the Mercury for the apprehension of the rascals.

Dr. Squires, the partner of Dr. Stanton, has been elected corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts Anglers' Association.

A petition is in circulation and numerously signed for a life saving station on the coast of Block Island. We hope the enterprise will be successful. (It was.)

The case of Mary Diggles vs. City Marshal of Newport was set down for trial before the Supreme Court Thursday. The City Marshal appeared with his lawyers, but Mary didn't, so the case did not come to trial.

Schooner Harriet Lewis went ashore on Beaver Tail on Sunday and afterwards went to pieces and was abandoned.

There are thirteen murderers in the New York Tombs awaiting trial. And yet Gotham is not wholly happy.

At the annual meeting of the Butler Hospital for the Insane in Providence, Lieut. Governor C. C. Van-Zandt, Hon. William P. Sheffield, Alfred A. Reed and Henry Ledyard, of Newport, were elected members of the corporation.

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, February 4, 1899

Jamestown was visited Tuesday by two fires, both of which resulted disastrously. The first was a barn belonging to George C. Carr, on premises occupied by William Hartman. The barn was totally consumed with all the hay, twelve cows, two horses, several pigs and a large flock of hens. No insurance. The second fire was at the residence of Harry Stadler on Narragansett avenue. This was discovered at 9:20 the same day in the room occupied by John Maher, a man employed on the fortifications at Dutch Island and the Dumplings. Maher was so badly burned that he died soon after the discovery of the fire. The house was badly damaged.

The annual meeting of the Newport Street Railway Company was held Tuesday when the following officers were elected: Directors, Gardiner B. Reynolds, Angus McLeod, T. T. Pilman, A. C. Titus, George R. Chase, Henry W. Darling and George P. Magner. The annual reports show that the year has been a very prosperous one.

The Charity Organization Society held its twentieth annual meeting on Tuesday evening. Rev. T. Calvin McClelland read the report of the Board of Reference and Rev. George Whitfield Mead was the speaker of the evening. Darius Baker was elected president, Rev. E. H. Porter, vice president, J. Truman Burdick treasurer, Robert S. Franklin auditor.

The funeral of the late Captain Heman B. Rider, who died on Friday of last week, was held at the residence of Col. Joseph T. Perry Monday afternoon. St. John's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of which the deceased was a member, attended in a body, and conducted the Masonic burial service.

The Newport Horticultural Society held its fifth annual ball in Masonic Hall Wednesday. The officers in charge were Floor Manager James Kyle, Assistant John J. Butler, Aids John T. Allan, George E. Houghton, Jr., T. T. Bowler and N. T. Hodson.

Mrs. Abnor P. Lawton of Portsmouth was thrown violently from her carriage on Broadway yesterday morning and suffered severe bruises.

Miss Florence N. Dawley of this city has been the guest of Mr. and

Mrs. J. Lincoln Sherman in Middletown this week.

Mr. William H. Cotton has returned from a very enjoyable vacation spent in Florida. He was accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Cotton and Miss King.

Messrs. George S. Gardner, and John S. Coggeshall, 2nd, have returned from a trip to New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Miss Edith Tilley entertained at whist Thursday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Gray.

Names are being secured for membership in the proposed golf club. It is to be located on the Bryer farm in Middletown.

## ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S BIBLE QUESTIONS

- II. Kings and Isaiah 37 are the two chapters in the Bible which are alike.
- 2 The middle verse in the Bible is Psalms 118:8.
- 3 The word "Amen" is used to affix the stamp of truth upon the prayer.
- 4 Christ called Herod a fox, when he learned that Herod sought to kill him.
- 5 Judas betrayed Christ with a kiss.
- 6 When Judas repented, he went out and hanged himself.
- 7 While in seclusion John the Baptist wore garments of camel hair, held to the body by a girdle of leather.
- 8 His food consisted of locust and wild honey.
- 9 The Aaronites were priests of the family of Aaron.
- 10 "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's," is the Tenth Commandment.
- 11 Mordecai refused to bow before Haman.
- 12 Christ was tempted by Satan 40 days.
- 13 Sackcloth garments were worn by mourners and in extreme cases they were worn next to the skin.
- 14 Omri chose Samaria the capital of the ten tribes of Israel.
- 15 The Lord had chosen Saul to be captain over the children of Israel.
- 16 Israel was governed by the House of Omri for 45 years.
- 17 "Galilee of the Gentiles" was given to Upper Galilee.
- 18 Samuel selected David because God whispered to him that none of the other sons of Jesse was the chosen one.

## MORE BIBLE QUESTIONS

- 1 By what other names are the Ten Commandments called in various places in the Bible?
- 2 Did God allow the people to come to the top of Mount Sinai while He was speaking to them?
- 3 God commanded Aaron to assist Moses in what way?
- 4 Why was Cain jealous of Abel?
- 5 To the court of what king and for what purpose was David called?
- 6 Was Galilee remarkable for its fertility of soil?
- 7 What was the first disaster that befell Job?
- 8 What brought John the Baptist's public ministry to a close?
- 9 When Moses perceived the suffering of his people, what did he determine to do?
- 10 Whose family did God find faithful?
- 11 How many years was the Ark under construction?
- 12 What was the "Stone of Abel"?
- 13 Of what kind of wood did Noah build the Ark?
- 14 Who went before King Ahasuerus to plead for the life of the Jews?
- 15 Did the King free the Jews from the decree against them?
- 16 Who was Haman's wife?
- 17 When Naomi returned to Bethlehem, what did she request the people to call her?
- 18 What did Samuel do to Saul when he told him he was to be captain of the people?

## UNITY CLUB

Next Tuesday evening the amusing play, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," will be produced before the Unity Club by a capable cast under the direction of Miss Pauline Houghton. The play is in four acts with but one change of scene, which will obviate any long delay between the acts. The cast includes Mr. Henry C. Wilkinson, Mrs. Edward R. Hass, Mr. Joseph Coffey, Miss Edith Vayro, Miss Eleanor Cotterell, Mrs. John K. Quinn, Mr. Raymond Taylor, Miss Marion G. Smith, Mrs. Louise G. Green, Miss Myrtle Pfannenmiller, Miss Mary E. Walsh, Mrs. Alvah H. Sanborn, and Miss Sa-rah Davis.

The Republican members of the General Assembly caucused Wednesday and chose Brig. Gen. Luke H. Callan of Bristol as the party candidate for Attorney General, Philip H. Wilbour for re-election as State Auditor, Eben N. Littlefield as Sinking Fund Commissioner, and William A. Peckham of Newport for the State Board of Education in place of Prof. Frank E. Thompson, deceased.

Mr. Richmond Brooks Barrett has brought out his first novel through the publishing house of Boni and Liveright, and a large sale is anticipated by the publishers. Mr. Barrett is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barrett of this city.

The Highway Division of the State Department of Public Works has made public the rules and regulations governing billboards and other outdoor advertising signs in Massachusetts, which it has had in preparation for some months. Under these rules no sign is permitted within 50 feet of a highway. A sign of not more than 22 square feet will be permitted within 100 feet and not less than 59 feet. A sign 12x25 feet, will be permitted between 100 and 300 feet. Beyond 300 feet the size may be 14x50 feet, but that is the limit of size permitted. For residential sections no sign may be erected unless with the consent of a majority of the property owners within a block of the proposed location. No billboards or signs are hereafter to be permitted within 300 feet of parks or public reservations.

"Destroy apple tree stumps, that afford harborage for gypsy moths, and replace them with young white pines," was a message to the moth superintendents of Massachusetts at a session at Horticultural Hall, Prof. W. C. O'Kane of New Hampshire, H. L. McIntyre of New York state and Harold L. Bailey of Vermont told of the efforts their moth departments are making to get farmers to clean out the stumps and stop the growth of sprouts and "stuckers" that offer excellent pasture for gypsy moth caterpillars.

At a special meeting by a vote of 199 to 26 the citizens of St. Johnsbury, Vt., voted to buy of the E. & T. Fairbanks & Co. the plant of the St. Johnsbury Aqueduct Company at a price of approximately \$250,000. The property has been appraised by an engineer at \$190,000 and the municipality will pay for it by issuing serial bonds at 4% percent interest.

Four officers of the Massachusetts Association of Disabled Veterans of the World War, which organization received notice following the probe of its rest camp at Shirley, Mass., were indicted by the federal grand jury. The men are William H. Burns, president; James Hannan, treasurer; Leo J. Conway, state organizer, and Albert Doucette, collector.

The Right Rev. Edwin Holt Hughes, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, speaking to 2000 men and women in Pawtucket, R. I., declared that he wished the ministers who are now taking part in the controversy regarding the Virgin's birth "would close their mouths and go to work. While I do not want to get into the controversy," said he, "nevertheless, I will say that I am an evolutionist, because I think that evolution cannot go on without God."

## Wood Lighter Than Cork

In spite of the advances of practical science, there are still some indispensible materials the making of which is still nature's secret, and for which no entirely satisfactory substitute has been found. Among these substances is cork. It is possible, though, that nature herself, in this case, offers a substitute in the wood of a tree growing on the east coast of Lake Chad, in Africa, which is of even less specific gravity than cork.

## Farce and Comedy.

A farce is a dramatic piece of a broad character and the difference between it and comedy proper is one of degree and not of kind. The aim of both is to excite mirth, but while the comedy does so by comparatively faithful adherence to nature and truth, the farce assumes a much greater license and may make use of any extravagance or improbability that may serve its purpose.

Slamming and rattling doors are simply eliminated by a small pneumatic cushion made to fit the door frame.

## Always a Fine Day, Too.

You have every advantage over all the great heroes of the past—you are still alive.—Wilmington News-Journal.

## Who Knows?

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions. They pass no criticisms.—George Eliot

## Manitoba a Big Province.

The province of Manitoba is almost the same size as Great Britain and Ireland.

## Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I.

January 22, 1924.

## Estate of Evalina Read

MABEL R. LEWIS and INA E. SIMMONS have this day filed in this office their petition in writing to the Probate Court of said Middletown, praying that Frank L. Tinkham, of the City of Taunton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or some other suitable person, be appointed Administrator of the estate of said Evalina Read, who deceased intestate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of February next, A. D. 1924, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

## ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

## ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

## Estate of Ann Lothrop

NOTICE is hereby given that Everett H. Waldron of Taunton, Mass., has been appointed by the Probate Court of Middletown, R. I., Administrator of the estate in Rhode Island of Anna L. Lothrop, widow, late of said Taunton, deceased, who has given bond and duly qualified as such Administrator, has appointed Albert L. Chase of said Middletown, as Agent in the State of Rhode Island, and that the Postoffice address of said agent is Box 12, Newport, R. I.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased in the State of Rhode Island, are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court within six months from February 2, 1924, the date of the last advertisement thereof.

## ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

## Sheriff's Sale

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I. Sheriff's Office.

Newport R. I. Oct. 10th, A. D. 1923.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 5581 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1923, and returnable to the said Court March 20th, A. D. 1924, in favor of Mary Vira Swan, of the Town of Middletown, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, against Percy T. Bailey, of said Middletown, defendant. I have this day at 22 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Percy T. Bailey, had on the 20th day of October, 1923, at the time of this sale, to and in a certain parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon situated, in said Town of Middletown, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

A certain parcel or tract of land with the dwelling house and other buildings and improvements thereon, situated on the Easterly side of the West Main Road, in the Town of Middletown, bounded Northerly 1954 feet, on and of Max Potkewich and A. D. 1923, and Potkewich, 57 feet, Southerly, 57 feet on the same Main Road, Easterly, 57 feet, on the same Main Road, 57 feet, Northerly, 57 feet, or otherwise bounded or described being a part of the land and premises conveyed to Percy T. Bailey by Albert A. Anthony, by deed dated October 1, 1904, and recorded in Land Evidence Book of Middletown, Number 19, on pages 264 and 265;

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said land or real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, on the 2nd day of February, A. D. 1924, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the satisfaction of said Execution debt, "or" on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

1-5-12-19-24

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 23rd, 1924.

## Estate of Ellen Dolan Kelly

PETER TURNER, Conservator of the

property of Ellen Dolan Kelly, deceased,

presents his first and final account with the estate of said Ellen Dolan Kelly, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the eighteenth day of

February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

2-2

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 25th, 1924.

## Estate of Ellen Dolan Kelly

PETER TURNER, Conservator of the

property of Ellen Dolan Kelly, deceased,

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting

to be the last will and testament of Ellen Dolan Kelly, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the eighteenth day of

February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

2-2

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 26th, 1924.

## Estate of Robert P. Hamilton

REQUEST in writing is made by Martha King, Nicholas King, and William H. King, all of said Newport, nieces and nephews of Robert P. Hamilton, deceased, intestate, that Jerome J. Sullivan, of said Newport, deceased, be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the eighteenth day of February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

2-2